

LETTERS

IN

PROSE *and* VERSE,

To the Celebrated

POLLY PEACHUM:

FROM

The most Eminent of her ADMIRERS
and RIVALS.

*Heav'n first taught Letters for some Wretch's Aid,
Some banish'd Lover, or some captive Maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what Love inspires,
Warm from the Soul, and faithful to its Fires.*

Pope's Eloisa to Abelard.

The SECOND EDITION

LONDON:

Printed for A. Millar at Buchanan's Head over-
against St. Clement's Church without Temple-
Bar. MDCCXXVIII.

[Price Six Pence.]



Advertisement.

There are two Things which seldom fail to come to Light, Murder and Verses. These Letters were dropt as the famous P O L L Y P E A C H U M took Coach to meet His —

I give them to divert. If they succeed, I am pleased: if they don't, — I care not one Farthing.



*From the Seven Stars *****,
Ludgate - Hill. — Oh may
all the rest prove kind!*

Most Adorable Lady,

I AM this Moment returned from the Theatre, all entranced with your most musical Harmony. Oh sweet-singing Siren, I sacrifice my Heart at the Altar of your Beauty, which is charmingly divine. In fine, I am quite broke for my Trade; if the Ladies say, *Mr. Flush-Cheek, what is the Price of this Silk?* I answer — Polly. — How? — Peachum.

To the Tune of Sally, &c.

I.

*Oh that I were some mighty Prince,
Or country Squire so jolly,
Or Lord, or Duke, or garter'd Peer,
For my beloved Polly.*

II. Or

II.

*Or that I was this happy Silk,
 (But wishing is a Folly)
 To kiss thy Breast as white as Milk,
 Oh my enchanting Polly.*

III.

*Or that I was thy yielding Glove,
 To press thy Hand — Ah shall I !
 Or rather was thy dearest Love,
 Oh my engaging Polly.*

IV.

*No longer now I dress my Hair,
 For I am melancholy ;
 And for my self I little care,
 I care so much for Polly.*

Philander Flush-Cheek.

*P. S. I send a Piece
 of the newest Silk.*

Most

Most Unaccountable Charmer.

I Curst the Hour of Six, which tore you from my Arms, and all Business. I almost resolved to Sacrifice *Cook upon Littleton*.

I committed a Thousand tender Extravagances, kissed the Chair on which you sat, insensibly blew out my Fire, and mourned in Darkness over my Green-cloth; where I drank the Coffee left in your Dish. Methought I heard the Tap of a Fan at my Door, which I had folded against Gold it self. I flew to open it — but oh Death to Love! how I was surprized, instead of my adorable Charmer, to find *Doctor Drum-Ear* in my Arms, who roared out. I called the Watch for Light, who stared immoderately at us both, as we did at one another. They run down Stairs, and cried out the Devil, the Devil. The Doctor's Face was as black as his Gown. In fine I discovered that, instead of Coffee, I had drunk all my Ink.

Never was there such an unfortunate Lover. I sent for an Apothecary, took a Vomit, washed my Face, and went to Bed, where

where I attend your dear Commands. Oh
come and attone for these Disasters.

N^o 10. Temple.
P. S. I send you the
Key of my Chambers. Would it
were a Golden one
for your sake.

Sullivan Slaver,
Bencher.

To the Fair Polly.

Jalous I heard the Public praise thy Name,
And trembled for my Voice, and sinking Fame.
Enrag'd I did my Theatre resign,
And left my Crowd, to make a Fool at thine;
Where neither Wit, nor Harmony I found,
But Farce and Discord with Applauses crown'd.
Ah Polly, soon thy Slaves will scorn thy Song;
Such Reigns as ours can ne'er continue long.
Let us our Forces then together join;
The gayer Fools be yours, the graver mine.

From my Slaughter-
House, in the mid-
dle of Newport
Market, June the
Third, 1728.

H—y.

From

*From a Squinting Lawyer.**Desirable Lady.*

THO' my Eyes look ten thousand Ways at once, they never saw anything so lovely as your fair self. All their various Beams are attracted by your Beauty ; and they multiply every Charm. Imagine then the Height of my Passion, how much greater than any other Lover's can be. Let this, which the Vulgar dully call *Squinting*, turn to the Advantage of my Love. But while I look so much on you, I am blind to Interest, which was your Predecessor in my Soul.

If Love's a sweet Passion, &c.

*If Polly is generous she'll pity my Flame ;
And if she but loves me, I am not to blame.
I suffer with Pleasure, if she crown my Desire,
If not, I will set the whole Commons on Fire.
Oh come to my Bosom, my Chambers are free,
The World now forsakes me, but I'll find it in thee.
My Papers I'll scatter to every Wind,
And the Green Bag shall perish, if Polly be kind.*

Argus Vellum.

B

From

From the Four Kings, Rag-Fair.

Madam,

I Have heard of the great Sway you bear in Town, to my Surprize ; for I have lived in *Rag-Fair* these Forty Years, and without much Success, tho' I sing to a Miracle, can roar with any Lyon in the *Tower*, and my Voice is as loud as *H—ly's*. I repeat Verses like an Angel, and can make them too. *Pope*, *Swift*, and *Gay* are nothing to me ; yet am I forced to blow my own Blast. I have been at the Charge of framing all my Works ; and it has cost me Fifty Pounds in Leaf-Gold, to no purpose. The Town is fond, and mad after you ; but I'll set it right, or I'll know why. I went into the Army to show my Perfections, am a Captain in the Train'd Bands, and discipline my Men in Verse. If you'll come and see us exercise, you may, and we'll have our Plumes new-cleaned. 'Tis better than any Review. My Height, my Mien, my Manner are surprizing. If you'll be kind to me, I'll transmit you to Fame, in one of the best gilt Frames.

Women

*Women are Fools, or they would ever chuse
 A Lover with a Fame-bestowing Muse;
 Who can to future Ages make them shine.
 They all shall hear you sing, if you'll be mine.*

Your Valorous Servant,

Shacklet—n.

An Old Woman cloath'd in Rags.

I.

*I Hopp'd to thy Play t'other Day,
 And there what strange Wonders I saw !
 Gowen-Men all Frolick and Gay,
 Ah what will become of the Law !*

II.

*Old Age and Wrinkles grown mad,
 Appearing to fright one another:
 I ne'er was so frightened egad,
 For there I espy'd my own Mother.*

III.

*Yet think not thy Favours I slight,
 So far I'll agree with the Town,
 If thou wilt give me a Night,
 Oh then I will give thee a Crown.*

IV.

*I've a Silvery Watch of my Sire's,
That hangs in a Leath'ry String.
And if thou wilt crown my Desires,
Thou shalt have that pretty old Thing.*

Pendrill Peering.

*From my little Rum in Pel-Mel ----
'Tis common to say the Howr.*

Charming Meam,

I NO knot iff I heve Reson tu acquse, or
blis mi Stairs. I am entolerabel in Loaf,
and redust to a mere shado. Fram beeing
halff a Yard en the Waste, I ame bot a
kuarter, and halples as ane Enfante. Mi
Peeple dres mee as thay wil, that i ame a
mere Friwght. I ame lacet tu the Woarld,
and what is moar woarser tu mi deer selff.

I mett *Ladi Wesle-Fase* in the Bax t'ather
Nite, whu sterted to cee me luke so pail.—
Lard! fasse she, *sur Friwghtfooll, is itt*
yu, or yur Gost that hoavers neer Pally?—
I maid a lo Bough, and a Bluwsh — *Gad,*
Gad, yu ar rewind! — Huever i have
satt far mi Pictor to Zincks att Legnths, far
yure

yure Lediship's Wach: till than acksept
itt in blawke and whight.

I ame fare en mi Fase to a Wunder —
mi Eise lawnguisher, and swete; *Mon Toup*
a Marveil bien poudéré, but i am al yur's. —
My Leggs ar smal; mi Hands whight; mi
Tith ivery; my Maner *tout Charmant*. —
Bot whither dose my Buty lede me? —
I'll bee revenjed, and knot luke at Miselff
this Howre. — Mi Talor tears Mee fram
yu with a nu Sute of Clowths — But I'll
apere an the Stage too Nite.

SUR FRIWGHTFOOL FRIZZLE.

*A Challenge from C---oni and F---na,
to Polly Peachum.*

WE Rival Queens in Interest now combine;
Unite our flying Troops to ruin thine.
Think not to scream Us from this happy Isle,
Tho' Ladies, Peers, and Coblers on you smile.
We have our Heroes, who have listen'd long
With well-affected Raptures to our Song.
And Challenge Thee to bring thy foppish Train —
Be Hounslow, fam'd for Camps, the notic'd Plain.
But Pity pleads — Let not our Female Rage
Those noble Lives in such a Cause engage.

Bring

*Bring Thou a Second equal to the Cause ;
Apont the Song ; and fir'd by fair Applause,
Before our Troops we will the Combat try :
If thou'rt Victorious, we will yield and dye.*

*From our Thrones, in
the Hay-Market.*

Stupendous Madam.

MY Head has been of late so crowded with the Affairs of *Europe*, and the many Exigences which concern the Safety and Honour of this Isle, that I come late with my Myrrhe and Frankincense to you. O Goddess of the Gay, and Pride of the bright World! Yet, Madam, the Town is fickle. It once admir'd me: my Problems and Politicks were its Delight and Imitation. But now I run unregarded in the *Mall*; and have vowed perpetual Silence, that my Thoughts may be wholly employed in Scheming for the Good of my Country.

If I was not preparing with great Haste for *Soisson*, where my Advice and Assistance is waited for by all the Plenipotentiaries, I should not so soon subscribe my self,

Your Friend and Servant,

J. P——ne.

Ah

*Ab tremble at the Changes of my Fate,
And dread the transient Joy of being great.
Neglected Beauty is a wretched Thing,
Worse than a Courtier fallen, or ruin'd King.
Oh while thy dying Charms retain a Spark yet,
Collect thy Wits, and make a happy Market.
When thy Price falls, to Germany I'll send
Thy ruin'd Charms, the Emperor's my Friend.
Or else to frozen Russia thou shalt go,
Where fury Love lies warm, tho' clad in Snow.
Or you shall shine in Gallia's warmer Coast,
Where at Threescore you may be still a Toast;
Where Paint and Lace the gawdy Charmer forms,
And Arts, instead of Darts, are Cupid's Arms.*

J. Payne.

*From an old affected Physician and
Antiquary.*

Madam,

SOME of my Patients the other Night drew me to your *Opera*, where I received a most violent Rheum by leaving off one of my Night-Caps, in order to hear better. But now I may safely make one of your Crowd, for I cannot hear at all. I put

put on a new Pair of Stays to defend my Breast from the Darts of Love, but have wounded my Sides much more, which prevents my waiting at your *Levée* among my Fellow-Creatures.

Instead of my Picture, I inclose a Medal of *Alexander's*, who was as great a Conqueror as your Ladyship. 'Tis worth the World, tho' only in Brass. Pray do not ruin it by cleaning, but let it adorn your lovely Neck when you sing next. I send with it a Doze of Rhubarb, excellent for the Texture of the Skin. If you are not engaged next *Sunday*, do me the Honour to eat a boiled Chick with me. We may vomit in Concert; it will help the Voice and Complexion. The Dutchesf of **** takes one every Night. I keep my great Chair, but will send my other for you, which is the most gentle in the World, commodious to a Degree. I am,

Fair Creature

Your Slave.

To

To the most Unharmonious Polly.

LE T whining Slaves thy Tinsel Charms pursue,
With Snuff-Box, Watch, and Rings, and
Billet-doux,

*Thy tuneless Voice, and Champions I despise,
The Man who vindicates thy Folly dies.*

Give me Miss Warren with obliging Eyes.

*Duller than Puppets in a Common Show,
Thou Bane to Love, and Musick's mortal Fee,
When next you scream your unharmonious Song,
Tho' guarded by your Fools, ten thousand strong,
I'll Hiss, I'll Sing myself, nay I will Fight,
And if these will not do, I'll even write.*

P—r.

Moor-Fields :
My Apartment.

From an honest Half-Pay Officer.

Dear Cousin,

I Appear ungrateful to my self, 'till I have given you my Thanks, and the Society's I have the Honour to belong to, for your admirable Performance, in setting us in a proper Light.

C

I

I do not fear but in a little Time to see all the Fops in Town converted to our Troop, which is indeed far nobler than the Lives they lead. Our Business would inspire their Bloods, if they have any, and give Life to their Complexions.

Alexander and *Cæsar* were of our Sett, and all the great Men of every Age. Ministers of State too adorn our Profession; and we have even the Glory of having the Ladies among us. Beauty itself is a Thief, and Wit too. I think the *Poet* and Mr. *Rich* are excellent in our Art, for they have robbed the whole Town before us, and left us very little to do. Yet with your Assistance we might *receive* the Rest, and rob all the polite World in one Night. From the Fops we could find no Resistance; they neither can, nor dare draw their Swords; we fear not their whole little Body. Please to engage Brother *Rich*, and your *Hero*; they shall share the Booty of this grand Benefit Night. Direct a Line to the *Dragon* in *Smithfield*, where we Toast you every Night. I am,

Your most affectionate Kinsman

Macquoir.

P. S. Will Surtout is yours —

I send a Token for the Captain.

--- Half-Pay falls short.

The

THE Noble Rope in Anger I decline,
 And wish it round that Siren Neck of thine.
 I drop the Pole from my disdaining Hand ;
 No more I'll dance to this ill-judging Land :
 No more I'll thump the Rope with dreadful Grace,
 'Till the pale Beaux start, frightened, from their Place,
 And deprecate the Crush of my Embrace.

Were these bold Limbs so oft expos'd in vain ?
 I'll shade them, never to be seen again.
 I'll take the Petticoat, and leave a Coast
 Where Art is scorn'd, and Excellence is lost.

Are these the Vows the faithless Publick made ?
 And is it thus my Dangers are repaid ?
 Frequent the Crowd has trembled for my sake,
 Their ardent Praises made the Cordage shake ;
 But still I ventur'd, by Applauses fir'd,
 All heedless of the Legs so much admir'd.

May Cramps and Palsy seize the changing Town !
 That thus a lifeless Lump should pull me down.
 I'll, vengeful, to your Theatre repair,
 Where swarm gay Spectres of embodied Air ;
 Give one loud Stamp, more tuneful than your Song,
 And dissipate at once the visionary Throng.

V —— ante.

C 2

A

*A Challenge from the Valiant and Re-
nowned Mr. F—g.*

Britons, Strike home, &c.

*O*H Polly, to my Arms resi—gn, resi—gn thy
Charms;
Nor hope thou shalt defend thy Beauties long;
For I have every Art, that can subdue the Heart,
See my Valour, see my Valour, bear my Song.
Then yield apace to my Embrace, let me take place,
Of all the shining, figbing Throng.

*Heroes approach, approach, approach, all you that
 dare,*
Ab ab — Home to your Heart,
Guard, guard no other Part,
Your Heads are not worth my Care,
For I should find only Powder there.

F—g.

The

The Lass of Peatie's Mill.

I.

O H Polly ! lovely Lass,
 Whose Voice so rude, and shrill,
 Would break a Venice Glass,
 And, potent, turn a Mill.

II.

Undaunted is thy Mien,
 As any Son of Arms ;
 Oh that I ne'er had seen
 Thy Spirit-quenching Charms !

III.

Oh thou hast spoilt my Thought,
 And Canting all perplext ;
 To such a Pass I'm brought,
 I name thee for my Text.

IV.

The Holy Sisters groan,
 To see me gone astray,
 And leave me oft alone ;
 I see them drop away.

V.

Ob come, sweet-smiling Sin,
 And for my Loss attone ;
 If I could tempt Thee in,
 I'd with Thee be alone.

By

VI.

*By Love himself I swear,
Tho' I am very loth,
Thou art surprizing fair.
Forgive, good Heav'n, my Oath!*

VII.

*A Suit of harmless Dove,
A Pinner neat, and plain,
Shall dress my nearest Love
Nor dress her Charms in vain.*

VIII.

*Love does not take Delight
In an embroider'd Jupe,
In Gold, or Diamonds bright,
Nor tumbles thro' a Hoop.*

IX.

*The sweet inviting Eye,
And arching Brow so dark,
Thence the keen Arrows fly
Of this designing Spark,*

X.

*Let not the vain Toupee
Prophane my Polly's Door ;
I cannot bear to see
The Babylonian Whore.*

Dear

Dear Mary,

If Thou inclinest to have Regard to this Friendly Invitation, the Profits of my Tribe, and the choice of my Shop shall be at thy Command. I would seriously advise Thee to beware of the Numbers that are daily fluttering about Thee ; for they are of the wanton sort, and unprofitable ; they will bring Thee into a State of Sorrow and Woe. My Loving-kindness towards Thee is pure, internal, and truly unfeigned ; and therefore I shall remain to Thee most faithfully. The other Chaps will be frail ; for their Delight is in Wickedness, and in leading aside silly Women. — Yet I desire to be secret in my Concerns with Thee, and rest in all Righteousness, and Zeal, thy

Loving Friend

Elijah G — son.

*From Grace-Church-Street,
in the City of London,
the 11th Day of the 6th
Month, 1728.*

Pretty

Dear

Pretty Parrot say, &c.

I.

Pretty Polly, when

These dull Scenes are o'er,
And we are our selves again,
Meet me at the Door.

Arm in Arm, gay in warm, we will charm,
All the Night in Laughing,
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! &c.
O'er Wine so gayly Quaffing.

II.

See this crowded Stage,
To admire our Song.

'Tis a pretty polish'd Age:
Nonsense bless it long!

Whilst we shine with Wit and Wine, oh
And we'll together fix [be mine!
And laugh and l—oll, and laugh and l—oll
In a Co——ach and Six.



Mackheath.

F I N I S.

m,

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ne!
-oll

ath.